THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume XII | New York, Wednesday, August 6, 1930 | Number 14

EDITORIAL BOARD
MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor
GEORGE N. SHUSTER, Managing Editor
MARY KOLARS, Assistant Editor

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

EDITORIAL COUNCIL
CARLTON J. H. HAYES
T. LAWRASON RIGGS
RICHARD DANA SKINNER
JAMES J. WALSH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Thimbles and Thumbs 351

Week by Week 352

Lean and Hungry Years 355

Babbitt and the Boss ..... John Carter 356

English Catholics and Education .... B. Barclay Carter 358

Growth (*verse*) ..... John Lee Higgins 360

Places and Persons ..... Cuthbert Wright 361

Dining in 1424 ..... Eugene A. Moran 363

Communications 364

Books ..... Morton Zabel, Thomas F. Meehan, James W. Lane, Doris Cunningham 365

Published weekly and copyrighted 1930, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y. United States: $5.00; Foreign: $6.00; Canada: $5.50. Single Copies: $.10.

THIMBLES AND THUMBS

NEW YORK politics are not unlike the heroine of that very old-fashioned play, Lady Windermere's Fan. Widely estimated as possessing no character whatever, they none the less manifest in practice sundry virtues for which the denizens of other large cities can only sigh. Fortune has to some extent been kind. Owing to racial and social amalgamations, the democratic ideal of government could be sponsored by a strong central organization which from time immemorial has been known as Tammany Hall. This has, it is true, never been a perfect exemplification of all the civic virtues. Sometimes better and sometimes worse, Tammany has always been conscious of the circumstance that, like the heroine mentioned above, respectability has not been the chief item in its advertising copy—that granted the social amalgam of the great city it was hardly possible to play ball with that integrity demanded of college athletes in a fairly recent Carnegie report. Now and then sundry of its collaborators have thriven on spoils the collection of which was not a secret. One may nevertheless declare that, to a greater extent than can be claimed by other political solidifications, it has also striven to reward and acclaim men of the finest civic temper and integrity. In short, Tammany has been a society in which the ideal and the real dwelled together with at least enough harmony to win increasing approval on election days.

Recent events have restated these old facts. A series of investigations, some of them involving magistrates and officials whose good names were taken for granted, made entertaining reading for the public in all parts of the country. Some have pooh-poohed the matter; others have indulged in sundry I told you so's. The middle ground between the two groups is probably the right one. Nothing can obliterate dishonesty and inefficiency in public service, particularly when the individuals under fire have raked in huge winnings. Nor shall we make a brief for the theory which assumes that a municipality must pay more for good government than its salary lists specify—must, for instance, permit a certain amount of palm-gilding in order to maintain good will all around. Even so it is obvious that the quality of New York city government as a whole is noticeably good. The police department is not in league with desperate gangsters. Despite the bad effect of politics on the transportation problem, traffic is handled generally with as much intelligence as the citizen can reasonably expect. New York also

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has many extraordinary advantages in educational facilities, public parks and clinics. It offers a service which is nowhere antiquated and which is often surprisingly useful.

But for Tammany and the city nothing is of greater importance than the mayor. He represents the character of the administration and is accepted by the public as a guarantee of integrity. That Jimmie Walker has occupied the niche to the satisfaction of the majority is fairly evident from election returns and other concrete sources of information. Nobody has ever believed him a managerial genius or even a particularly self-sacrificing plodder. Instinctively canny and supple of demeanor, his friends are those who admire his diplomatic adroitness and his enemies are those who wish to see hard study and thought applied to the solution of municipal problems. Jimmie has all the charm and limitations of the conservative. He would hardly change anything excepting his clothes—or the police commissioner. Tactically he has driven the old Tammany municipal car, stopping occasionally to put on a new tire or to adjust the carburetor, and those who wanted the machine rebuilt have known he was not their man. Possibly his driving has been his pride; and in this case also it may be true that pride goeth before the fall.

Notice, for instance, the Walker method of dealing with recent exposés. With magistrates and commissioners under fire, he arose to make a very debonair address about a "few finger marks on the walls." What were the misdemeanors of seven public servants, he inquired, when nearly 125,000 officials are on the city's payrolls and going to work with diligence and virtue? He declined the assistance of the Bar Association in selecting candidates for the bench. Efforts to unearth misconduct not only got no support from him, but his remarks actually tended to throw cold water on those efforts. In other words: Jimmie is driving so nicely now that he is simply not interested in giving the car a thorough overhauling. That would be politically inexpedient, and besides it would mean a lot of discomfort and delay. One agrees. But this lackadaisical jacknaping is not the best of which Tammany has proven itself capable. It is not the highest ambition of the city of New York. It is not model city government.

We speak of these things not merely because the conduct of the metropolis is of incalculable moral effect throughout the nation, but also because circumstances have made Tammany the expression of reigning Catholic political consciousness. For better or for worse, this fact constitutes a widely prevalent cliché of which, on the whole, one is not ashamed. And it is impossible not to feel disappointed when the oracle who was expected to utter something of importance about scandals of real moment said nothing more than this: I am turning up my nose at the evil which has been brought to light, because it has not been proved that everybody else isn't good. Imagine the motorist who should declare, I pay no attention to that burned-out bearing, because the rest of the car may be all right! To expect citizens to rest content with mañana advice of this sort is to consider them far more interested in jokes than they really are. Which is not to say that the mere oratory of righteous indignation is a commodity of value. But Mr. Walker knows that he can reassure the public and, without making his counsels more vocal than necessary, set to work putting the house in better order that it can boast of now.

WEEK BY WEEK

ONE more gold pen achieved historical prominence as President Hoover signed the London Naval Treaty, surrounded by those who had done most to impress its virtues upon a perspiring and traditionally recalcitrant Senate. It might just as well have been used a month ago, because the long wrangling merely emphasized the fact that the document in question is as prosaic, fool-proof and non-revolutionary as any on record. Mr. Hoover gratefully remarked that another step toward guaranteeing peace had been taken, credit for which was due to public opinion and to both political parties. This happens to be quite literally true. Without the help of Senator Robinson of Arkansas, who kept enough Democrats in Washington to maintain a quorum, no decision could have been reached before fall. Whether the Treaty has anything more than a moral significance remains to be seen, of course. The practical problem is not whether Great Britain and the United States can be induced to agree upon navies of equal size, but whether European political conditions will permit Great Britain to bring that size down to the limits desired for the sake of economy and peace. No solution could be reached at London, because France and Italy refused to predict how much or what they intend to build. One may hope that the willingness of the three great powers to reach an understanding will eventually influence public opinion in the two countries now holding out. For the present it is inexpedient to be too optimistic.

Another Signature

EARTHQUAKES in the Apennine region just north of Naples have exacted a heavy toll of lives. A number of famous towns, historic and thriving alike, were shaken from their hilltop perches quite as a wind might fling birds' nests down upon the ground. Villanova, Avellino and Melfi are plunged in deep mourning and the government will find it difficult to restore to thousands of families their homes and normal means of livelihood. Needless to say, the sympathy of the world has been aroused, and the American Red Cross has offered its services in behalf of the people of this country. Though it is doubtless a little curious to find Signor Mussolini averse to ac-

Italy's Disaster

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cepting any aid from abroad, his desire to prove that Italy can bind up its own wounds is understandable as a means of intensifying the nation's sense of unity. The blow comes, however, at an embarrassing moment, when the general economic situation is affected by serious depression. Most regrettable is the apparent failure of years of hard work in earthquake forecasting. This science has been greatly developed particularly by Italians whose country is, to some extent, a constant tremor laboratory. Apparently no warning was given in the present instance, Vesuvius and Etna not having been noticeably affected. Such natural catastrophes are part of our human fortunes, and it is strange as well as instructive that they are found to occur most frequently in the outstandingly beautiful sections of our earth—a fact which makes such tragedies doubly poignant.

Underpinning of Mars

AN EXCEPTIONALLY compact and thoughtful pamphlet dealing first with the causes of war and then with the foundations of peace has been issued by the Catholic Association for International Peace. Affirming that enmities between individuals and peoples may all be traced to disregard for divine laws and to materialistic points of view, the authors go on to say: "On the other hand, it is to be noted that the political and economic sources of international enmity are complex and very controversial matters, upon which the verdict of Christian morality is not to be pronounced easily or lightly. Sweeping ethical judgments will not solve these problems. Only by careful study and wise statesmanship can the policies of nations as regards such matters as imperialism, nationalism, armaments and economic conflicts be so adjusted to the spirit of Christianity that peace may be made secure." Such study and statesmanship—or at least intelligent appreciation of such study and statesmanship—are duties of no trifling kind. Too frequently people sanctify their prejudices by appealing to a maxim which, though perfectly correct, is about as deftly applied to a given situation as a piece of court plaster by a wounded polar bear.

The Dilatory Drys

THE manifesto in favor of personal rights, signed by many of the leading drys of the nation, probably comes too late to reverse the growing feeling against the Eighteenth Amendment. It asserts precisely those principles the disregard of which has turned the Amendment from a serious, if mistaken, attempt at solving a social problem into a tragic farce. If the responsible dry spokesmen had, years ago, given the nation assurance that they are actively concerned to preserve the Fourth Amendment; that "personal habits and the conduct of the home life are in the field of private morals," and "should not be touched by the hand of the law unless they cross their boundaries, and then only by due process of law"—they might have saved their experiment; or, if not that, at least made of it a respectable challenge in the field of practical social legislation. If they had raised a corporate voice of protest at the illegal seizures and searches and the legalized murders which have enlivened the past dozen years, or shown a little fastidiousness about their public allies—the politician who votes dry and lives wet, the fanatic who honestly sees no difference between the law against drinking and the law against murder—they might have built up by now a solid following among the liberal and stable citizens who have become the active enemies of enforcement in the mere interest of human decency. By declaring in a body at this date for the sacredness of the home and the inviolability of private morals, these estimable ladies and gentlemen merely fall into step behind the leading wets—several years behind.

Winning Good-Will in Jersey

PERHAPS the longest shot ever taken at the general mark of prohibition enforcement was the one recorded in Jersey City the other day. A building leased as a church by a Negro congregation several weeks ago was padlocked by dry agents on the eve of its first opening for services, because a former tenant had sold liquor there. This, we submit, is an even weirder proceeding than sinking boats because they may be rumrunners, or killing motorists on the chance of their having alcohol concealed in their car. Whatever objections may be raised to these activities, at least there is some discernible connection between them and an attempt to enforce the dry law. But there is no theory—except possibly animism—that makes intelligible the punishment of a building after the evil-doer has departed from it. In this case, as it happens, he departed seventeen months ago; and meanwhile the present lessees have spent their money and energy on the place in absolute good faith. The explanation offered is that a legal technicality halted padlocking proceedings until this moment. This fills us with nothing but weariness. Are there no discretionary clauses in padlocking laws? Is there no discretion in the heads of padlocking magistrates? How in the name of common sense and Dwight Morrow do they expect to win adherents to an imperiled and detested measure by closing up, of all things, a church, just because they happen for one crazy moment to have the power to do it?

The Two South Poles

ONE need not subscribe to the comments in the London Times on the Byrd Antarctic pictures to understand the critic's vehemence. The pictures do not "vulgarize" the South Pole, as he charges, but they do dismantle it of the remoteness and sinister majesty which it has worn in English imaginations, particularly. The fault may lie partly in the technique of the cameramen whom Paramount sent with the expedition, and partly in the process of selec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion which assembled the final pictures from the thirty miles of film actually taken. But it was largely inherent in the circumstances. These are news films of the greatest venture that the camera has ever recorded in detail, and they were properly concerned not only with the prospect and landscape of the frozen continent, but also with the day-to-day activities of the expedition's members. But it was a modern expedition, well manned and scientifically equipped; a lucky expedition; measured by the appalling and glorious previous record, an anticlimactic expedition. This is what the pictures mainly show. It is not true that the camera "found the Antarctic snow and left it slush"—the irrelevant and sentimental touches make only a small part of the whole. But it is true that this does not seem to be the land where Scott died. It is instead the land from which Byrd brought back all his men alive: a soberer glory, but perhaps no less real.

Exit Horatio Alger

IN THE wake of a recent convention of circulation managers, Editor and Publisher was moved to comment upon what has happened to the old-fashioned newsboy, who slept in an empty grocer's box and dreamed of coming wealth and fame. Conditions we are told, "bear no comparison with those of 40 years ago." In the larger cities, distribution systems have virtually eliminated the yelping little fellows; in less metropolitan places, "the carriers work under close office supervision and live at home—often in homes of comfort and even luxury." There can be little doubt that some of the grewsome conditions of yore have been corrected, and that newscrying is no longer so efficient a training-school for gambling, corruption and crime as it once was. Yet one feels that easy optimism is unjustified. While the standard newspapers have taken the problem to heart and largely solved it, cheaper varieties of journalism still create a source of juvenile infection of which no spectator with his eyes open can be unaware. It is bad enough to find ragged youngsters everywhere, at any hour of the day or night, offering papers which drum up circulation by getting there first. Even worse is the omnipresent spectacle of little fellows perched on curbs digesting the almost pornographic sheets which they have been hired to sell. And most alarming of all is the easy discovery that gambling and vice, though curtailed, still prevail among sizable groups of boys in cities which pride themselves upon their respectability.

Values in Literature

WHOEVER is failing to estimate American literature at its true worth, it is evidently not the collector. Prices now paid for notable first editions will seem almost incredible to those who lack experience with such matters. Reviewing a recent bibliographical manual, two critics offer the readers of Publishers' Weekly the following topics for meditation: "Cooper's The Spy, one of the rarest of all familiar firsts, can be offered at a fair retail price today for $2,500. Irving's Sketch Book in parts would probably necessitate a collector's parting with $3,500 in gilt edge securities to obtain a set of first issues now. Hawthorne's Peter Parley's History is worth close to $750; and if one can secure a good copy of Poe's Poems, second edition, New York, 1831, for $125 in Chicago it would pay one to charter an airplane and go after it." These prices are comparatively reasonable if one reckons with some of the very rarest Americana. We may conclude that while collectors' cheques are by no means an index to literary values, they do pretty generally go toward paying for books which popular and critical favor have endowed with lasting significance. It is relatively easy to deduce the status of American Catholic letters. With the possible exception of Father Tabb, no Catholic author of yore has written a book that cannot be bought in good condition for a dollar. Included in the estimate are volumes of great value as religious or historical testimony—which goes to show that nobody has been interested in collecting or studying them. Of course the word "nobody" is merely relative. Various historical associations, some of them manned by remarkable scholars, have done heroic work in preserving the Catholic legacy. If they can hold the fort long enough, good results will surely accrue in time.

Nature's Nob

WHAT Mr. Shaw means by any given statement is always good for a debate. That is one of the things that make Mr. Shaw so interesting. His celebrated saying that to speak of "the deserving poor" is to utter a contradiction in terms has kept economic exegists busy for years trying to establish the exact relation between so inhuman a piece of Fabianism and his known humanity. Or put the aphorism that the children of a born wife and mother naturally run away from home, beside the noble tributes in Candida, and you have material for limitless conjecture. The same breadth of interpretation applies to Mr. Shaw's orphic answer to the recent offer of a peerage. The Labor party is reported as being anxious that the famous playwright and political doctrinaire help to elevate its prestige in the House of Lords, and he seems to have replied that he would accept any title that was more distinguished than the one he would be giving up. This may mean that Mr. Shaw really holds the opinion long credited to him by popular gossip—that he is greater than Shakespeare. Or it may be only a typically Shavian "out," based on the desire for ease of a man now turned seventy-four. Or it may mean that, if the Labor party can scratch up something really good, he will take it. We think it simply means that the idea was tried elsewhere first; after Sidney Webb was turned into Lord Passfield, for Labor's sweet sake, there was probably no chance of Mr. Shaw's considering any title up to, and including the Prince of Wales.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEAN AND HUNGRY YEARS

EVERYBODY agrees that the political climate is changing. Business is none too well satisfied with conditions, realizing that lack of adroitness in dealing with the world situation may lead to a variety of mercantile setbacks. But it is primarily the farmer who has been on a rampage. He has been hot this season, under a smoking sun which regarded 100 degrees in the shade as no achievement to boast of. But even more distinctly he has been hot under the collar. In the face of campaign announcements, the price of wheat has tumbled faster than water off the edge of Niagara, going as low as sixty cents a bushel at Chicago. That means a yield of eighteen dollars on a pretty fair acre, worth at least two hundred dollars. Mindful of the care which the Supreme Court has exercised to guarantee to the utilities an income of 6 percent on step-up valuations, the rural economist might well look about to see where the road was leading.

Somewhat hectically the administration decided upon two agencies of relief—a new tariff law designed to "carry the benefits of protection" right into the barnyard, and the establishment of the Farm Board. Viewed by itself, the first has been diagnosed rather critically by so many economists that even its most widely flaunted virtues have grown inconspicuous. The second started out to be chiefly the administrator of a $500,000,000 stabilization fund, a good deal of which was actually expended in an effort to restrain wheat from becoming the kind of commodity no one can give away. The Board was accordingly trounced quite roundly, not merely by those who—chambers of commerce, traders in grain—objected to it on principle, but also by those who learned to their sorrow that even a stabilization fund could not stave off a decline. And of course wheat is only part of the story. It began to look as if the most cherished products of American agriculture were going the sad route taken by Brazilian coffee and British coal—a route which must eventually undermine the basic valuations of farm property in the most flourishing sections of the country.

The political effect has been alarming. Chairman Alexander Legge and Secretary Arthur Mastick therefore put their heads together and emerged with something like a new merger. The Secretary appeared with an analysis of the new tariff, in many respects a genuinely skilful performance. Here are the conclusions in the well-known nutshell: under conditions and tariff schedules prevailing in 1928, the farmer's expenses were (let us say) $1,000 and his income $2,000; today his expenses will be $1,048 and his income $2,150, provided the new schedules are effective. And how does one arrive at these figures? By balancing the concessions to agriculture under the present law against increased concessions to industry. Almost immediately, however, the joker in this bundle of percentages was unearthed. Mr. Mastick's reasoning was based upon counting in the tariff of 42 cents a bushel on wheat levied by Congress. But since the United States annually produces a fifth of a billion bushels of the potential staff of life in excess of domestic requirements, how and when can this tariff be presumed to prove efficacious?

At this point Chairman Legge appeared with the answer. He relayed it first of all to the farmers themselves, during the course of a picturesque barn-storming tour which has been uniformly racy and Dawes-like. Then he returned to Washington for the purpose of turning it over definitively to the press. The answer has a preamble: stabilization is at best an emergency measure, useful only in helping agriculture to market the difference between a bumper and an average crop. It follows, therefore, that help must be sought in the fundamental economic measure of restricting production, which means cutting the acreage given over to wheat by 25 percent. "Reduce the acreage of wheat," Mr. Legge said at Hastings, Nebraska, "without regard to what is done with the land thus released. You can put this land into grass for the benefit of your children. Do anything with it but don't raise wheat on it." And if enough farmers can be induced to accept this advice coöperatively, the fifth of a billion bushels Mr. Mastick was stumped by would automatically disappear and the tariff would work.

But in spite of everything the afflicted will grumble and the hungry complain. Is the United States to discontinue exporting wheat? And will that not mean an economic loss of serious proportions? Replying, Mr. Legge believes that wheat is now grown with so much skill in numerous parts of the globe as to make even the farmers of Timbuctoo sufficient unto themselves. And can American growers afford so much idle acreage? The fact is, they cannot afford the most careful tilled acres under present circumstances. In a sense, what we are facing is land unemployment occasioned by disturbed conditions. Finally, there is Senator Capper who thinks that the Board ought to buy 100,000,000 bushels just to tide over a bad spell. One doubts, however, that either the government or the nation will go that far.

It is a bad, almost desperate situation which chases itself into social and economic corners from which no exit is in sight. People have begun to talk of the futility of all farm relief. Controlling prices socially—that is, keeping them high as a government policy—is a method having a nucleus of artificiality one profoundly distrusts. In the background are those as yet unfathomed mysteries of mass distribution and consumption which work themselves out in industrial society but which constantly emerge freakish and prankish as the very weather. But so much is certain: the United States cannot face the prospect of limiting agricultural production in one of the basic food commodities of the world without profound misgivings. Suppose farmers accept Mr. Legge's suggestions. Suppose that the wheat crop were reduced in advance. What if some disturbance prevented the harvest from maturing?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BABBITT AND THE BOSS

By JOHN CARTER

Present economic conditions, not unlike the doldrums of yore, have led to considerable inquiry into the seamanship of business and political leaders. These have incidentally taken to bombarding each other with unusual determination. Politicians look ridiculous to industrialists, and return the scorn with interest. In the following paper Mr. Carter analyzes the conflict, based on misunderstanding, and offers a tentative solution. We must, he says, recognize "that politics is not a mysterious process and that business is not simply legalized greed, but that both are ways of getting things done."—The Editors.

TO SAY that American business has at Washington precisely the sort of government it deserves is as unsatisfactory as it is true. For the better part of three generations, business has taken the American government for granted. It has regarded politics as a sort of necessary evil, a cumbrous and complicated system for preventing things from being done, and save in matters of taxes and the tariff has shown little direct interest in the processes of legislation. The result is a cleavage between the simple, practical, direct methods of the business mind, and the intricate, theoretical, oblique methods of politics. Today Babbitt looks at the boss with mingled resentment and incredulity, while the boss looks at Babbitt with intolerant incomprehension.

For several years the cleavage has been growing, until between political Washington and business America there is a gulf so wide that it takes an individual of exceptional competence to bridge it. The dominant class in America—the business class—and the politicians no longer speak the same language or think the same thoughts. To business, Washington presents a weird spectacle of political pussy-footing; to Washington, business presents an unpleasant spectacle of blatant short-sightedness. And as usual, each is right and each is wrong.

What would the average business man think of a situation in which the wife of a minor official in a branch of the government which had no relation to enforcement of prohibition, hesitated to sign a petition for the modification of the Volstead Law for fear it would jeopardize her husband's career? What, on the other hand, does official Washington think when it sees producers of petroleum, of which we have the greatest production and export, incapable of shutting down on overproduction and clamoring for protection by means of the tariff? Each rubs its eyes and each forms a highly uncomplimentary picture of the other.

When business looks at politics it sees a mixture of official pomposity, of administrative inertia and red tape, of individual timidity. It sees initiative penalized and "yes-men" promoted. It sees a General Mitchell silenced because he criticized the administration of the army air service. It sees an Admiral Magruder bottled up because he criticized the wasteful administration of the Philadelphia navy yard. It sees the Federal Radio Commission bowing down before a "wild-cat" radio broadcasting station in Louisiana. It sees the anti-trust laws used to prevent intelligent economic combinations. It sees the Federal Farm Board going into the wheat business and using the tax-payers' money to peg the price of grain and to embarrass the operations of private traders. Business sees the Reserve Board's cheap money policy encouraging a disastrous orgy of stock market speculation. And business concludes that Washington is administered by a group of second-rate minds, by officials who take their positions more seriously than their work, who are reckless in the consumption of time which is the life-blood of business, who are afraid of their shadows every time a senator from the cow-belt makes a speech and lie down and roll over every time a vote for higher official salaries is in the offing.

There is a great deal of truth in this picture. Washington is, by and large, administered by second-rate men. The leaders of America are today in business. Men like Morrow, Dawes and Owen Young are rare in official life. You generally find them in banks or on boards of directors. And it is characteristic of lesser men that they take more stock in a temporary personal dignity than they do in the tasks which they are supposed to perform. Time is of little importance in politics. Politics run from election to election at the least and there is no urgency in government work, apart from crises. And finally, bureaucrats are timid. They *are* afraid of losing their jobs. They *are* afraid of offending their superiors and they know that promotion does not go by merit but by seniority, at best, and by political pull, at other times. As a result, they are economically underpaid, overruled and thwarted.

On the other hand, when politics looks at business it is equally depressed. Business does not present any too savory an appearance in politics. Business is the most radical force in America, radical in the sense that it is undermining established ways of doing things, ways of living, ways of thinking and acting, without any heed for the result. Is this extreme? What a revolution has been worked by the automobile alone in the United States during the last twenty years! The automobile has affected every part of society, labor, religion, crime, foreign policy and the home. It is altering morals and tax systems, helping criminals to escape and women to go shopping. And the automobile is only one of many business factors which are remaking the United States. Politics sees that business is selfish, necessarily so. Business must make a profit. Interest must be met. Dividends must be de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clared. Wages must be paid. Plants must be improved. Business needs quick returns and no questions asked. The result is that business is nearly always short-sighted in its view of political matters. Where politicians are thinking of the next election, business men are thinking of the next quarter. As a result, business is domineering. Not understanding politics, business tries to push things through in spite of politicians, and is impatient of any political opposition to its plans.

It is difficult for the average American business man to realize the spectacle of blatant, reckless and truculent greed which business presents at Washington. The tariff is an old story. Lobbies are formed and politics are distorted to enable a single group of business men to get bigger and better profits—which is entirely natural—and to get them without any concern for the effect of their profits upon other business groups and other profits—which is not so natural. Washington has seen the so-called power trust buying up newspapers, editing textbooks and hiring professors to inculcate the principle that government operation is a fallacy. Washington has seen the replacement cost rather than the capital investment of a public utility forced upon the public as a basis for rates to the public and has even seen the hypothetical value of a public franchise included in the rate-making basis. Washington has seen our natural resources of oil and timber dissipated by the reckless competition of business groups, while the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills reserves of naval fuel have added a chapter to the story of business corruption of national politics. Washington has seen the cult of skin-deep prosperity and of loud slogans used to prevent any constructive improvement of industrial conditions. And Washington has seen the business forces of the richest nation in the world incapable of preventing the disastrous unemployment of 5,000,000 Americans.

In a word, Washington is in a position to say "you're another!" to business, though it is very bad politics for Washington to say so. The real trouble is that American business has the sort of government it deserves, while American government has the sort of business it deserves. The two complement each other, each is responsible for any and all possible recriminations and accusations that the other can make, and both must work together if the situation is to be improved. The difficulty is, primarily, that while American business is "radical" in the true sense of the word, American government is conservative in the worst sense of the word. While Wall Street can and does wield the power of life and death over wide areas of the world, Washington muddles along under the double disadvantage of an obsolete constitution and an infatuated veneration for the old way of doing things.

The constitution is the charter of our liberties; it is also our political straight-jacket. It was established on the eve of the industrial revolution. When it was drawn up, we had no railroads, no steamships, no automobiles, no telegraph, telephone or radio, no industrial power to speak of and no industrial problems. We were an agricultural country and we established a system which was designed to solve the political difficulties of the eighteenth century. The constitution so circumscribed the power of the federal government as to make it almost incapable of change or progress. The result has been that the government is almost incapable of handling any major issue, especially a major economic issue. The first such which we experienced—slavery—was only solved after a civil war, whereas the British government solved the same problem at much slighter cost and in much less time. We have a system which does not encourage leadership. With the exception of Lincoln we have developed no statesman who compares with William Pitt, Disraeli or Gladstone. Such men as Roosevelt and Wilson have been bedeviled by fractious opposition to their plans. We have a system of checks and balances—and not in the business sense—which sets the Congress against the executive, the executive against the Congress and the judiciary against both. The suspicious peasant mind of the eighteenth century could not conceive of men who would not abuse their power to establish tyranny. The result is that there is, and can be, little progress. What would American business think of a concern in which the board of directors was constantly trying to oust the chairman, in which the chairman was trying to outwit the stockholders and in which an independent committee was constantly setting aside the decisions of the board? That, roughly, is the political situation in Washington, under a constitution that we so venerate that it is sacrilege to suggest that it is obsolete and injurious to the interests of the country to maintain it.

On the other hand, business is very largely responsible for the conduct of government under the constitution. Since the Civil War, business has let government go its own way and tried to keep government from interfering with the conduct of business. The distrust of politicians has bred a very general contempt for politics. The bad example of a few businesses in seeking corrupt favors from government has further weakened such government as Washington can give. The sugar trust scandals of the prewar days, the oil scandals of unsavory memory, are part and parcel of a corrupt condition extending back to the whisky ring and credit mobilier incidents of Grant's administration, to the cynical corruption of the United States Bank under Biddle, and to the incredible frauds which tainted the dissipation of the public domain. Moreover, big business has been able to utilize and perpetuate the very system of checks and balances which paralyzes American government, in order to be secure from interruption. There is a frequent pattern in American politics which may be represented as follows: State Assembly, Democrat; State Senate, Republican; governor, Democrat; House of Representatives, Republican; United State Senate, Democrat plus Progressive Republican; President, Republican. The judiciary, which holds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life tenure, is highly conservative, and the Supreme Court is ultra-conservative. This checker-board of politics can scarcely be regarded as an accident. And when we see corporation lawyers taking a leading part in politics, Washington has every right to feel that business is largely responsible for our political system.

This is a state of affairs which cannot long endure. It is proving enormously costly to the country at large and to business. The need for political reform is growing year by year and if it is to be satisfied, there is need for the closest and most intelligent coöperation between business and government. This coöperation is necessary. Huge developments wait on it. Super-power projects, railroad consolidations, industrial rationalization, solution of employment, forceful and far-sighted foreign policies, conservation policies, developments of inland waterways, reorganization of tax systems, the politico-religious anomaly of prohibition, the restoration of orderly municipal politics, the control of crime and the elimination of "rackets"—the budget for coöperative action is swelling from year to year.

Coöperation between business and politics requires a thorough house-cleaning in each branch of American life. Each must revise its attitude toward the other. Business must use its power to put real men in office rather than rubber-stamps for some manufacturers association or labor union. It is not enough to vote for a Coolidge or a Hoover every four years and spend the interval criticizing him. Business must support strong men for office, for every office, for the Board of Aldermen, for the State Assembly, for the county government, for the governor, for the House and the Senate. And once business has put good men in office, it should support them, for their courage and intergrity and not for the degree of compliance which they show to the wishes of business. Business stands to benefit far more from government by able men of initiative than from government by pussy-footing "yes-men." And business should remember that though it is the dominant American interest it is not the only American interest, and that intelligent politics demands consideration for the interest of the public as a whole as well as for the business portion of the public.

And finally, there is need for coöperative thinking between politics and business. Business must cease to think of politics as a dirty business and politics must stop thinking of business as dirty politics. Both must recognize that politics is not a mysterious process and that business is not simply legalized greed but that both are *ways of getting things done*. Both politics and business must regain their perspective on society and restore respect for human rights. The fact that business eagerly acquiesced in the Eighteenth Amendment because the business world thought it would mean more profits and that politics welcomed the same social experiment because politicians knew it would mean more jobs, illustrates the need for improvement in this branch of government. Business is beginning to recognize the dangerous precedent it allowed when it encouraged the outlawing of an entire industry for the benefit of the others, as it becomes apparent that there is scarcely a moral, economic or political argument against the liquor business which could not also be brought to bear against the tobacco, the chewing-gum, the advertising and the automobile business.

The fundamental need of America today is to devise an efficient method of attacking and solving the staggering problems which confront politicians and business men alike. If business does not solve unemployment, politics will take a hand. If politics does not solve the problem of mergers and utilities and consolidations, business will take a hand. If the two continue to work at odds with each other, suspicion, dislike and recrimination will arise and will prevent constructive action. Together, business and politics can work marvels; apart, they can only perpetuate chaos.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND EDUCATION

By B. BARCLAY CARTER

SINCE the passing of the Elementary Education Act of 1870, primary education in England and Wales has been based on what is known as the Dual System. On the one hand are the provided schools, built and maintained out of the local rates plus a grant from the London Board of Education, and in these, "no religious catechism or religious formulary which is distinctive of any particular denomination shall be taught." On the other hand, and in greater numbers, are the non-provided denominational schools, built by the various religious communities, mainly Church of England, Catholic, and Wesleyan. The Balfour Act of 1902, which vested the care of public education in the Municipal and County Councils, ordained that if a non-provided school, certified efficient and necessary, accepted a one-third representation of the Local Education Authority on its board of managers, the local government should pay for books, general equipment and teachers' salaries. The foundation managers bear all building expenses and appoint the teachers, the local authorities holding a right of veto on educational grounds.

The Church of England parochial schools were the chief beneficiaries under this Act, but Catholics, powerful in Parliament by the Irish Party vote, had been in the forefront of the battle to obtain it. This fact in 1902 aroused a storm of bigotry. Lloyd George and other prominent Liberals—there has always been an affinity between Liberals and Nonconformity as between Conservatives and the Church of England—lent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their support to Passive Resistance Leagues, the members of which allowed their furniture to be distrained rather than pay an education rate from which dreaded Catholicism could derive the smallest benefit. It was everywhere stated that the Dual System was only temporary, and one measure after another was brought in to end it, only to be defeated on one occasion by the House of Lords, on others by Irish influence. The war years like a broad river divide that period of now almost forgotten bitterness from present-day tolerance. Nevertheless the non-provided schools have once more to fight for their existence. Even since the Act of 1902 their position has been one of increasing difficulty. The increasing enlargements required by the Board of Education led to the blacklisting of many schools financially unable to conform to the new requirements. Since the war the cost of all building has doubled, while the increase and redistribution of the Catholic population —converts number some 12,000 a year—has created an ever-increasing need for schools. It remained for the Labor Party's education bill to bring matters to a crisis.

In 1926 the Hadow Committee convened by the Board of Education produced an admirable Report on the Education of the Adolescent. This Report, produced by true educationalists after consultation with all the competent authorities, including the Catholic Education Council, stated the ideal of primary education to be "the forming and strengthening of character, the training of the tastes which fill and dignify leisure, the awakening and guiding of the intelligence, especially on its practical side," and to this end recommended that all children between eleven and fifteen who fail to pass into the secondary schools, which are predominantly literary or scientific, should be transferred to well-equipped modern schools for "a humane and broadening general education with a practical bias in the last two years." Owing to the economic crisis, these recommendations were never put into effect; fourteen has marked the age-limit of compulsory education, and might continue to do so but for another factor—the unemployment question. The present Labor Cabinet, under the incubus of an unemployment rising toward $2,000,000, realized that to extend the school age to fifteen, with maintenance allowance in case of need, would take a considerable number of youngsters off the labor market, at the same time saving them from temporary occupations which too often leave them with no future save the dole. They have accordingly brought in a bill on the lines of the Hadow Report providing for the regrouping or building of schools, so that after eleven children may be transferred to a central modern school, for a four years' course.

It is here that the problem of the non-provided schools becomes acute. The Board of Education declared that its grant to the local authorities for all building connected with the provided schools would be raised from 20 percent to 50 percent. But these number only some 9,000; the Church of England schools alone are nearer 10,000, while there are 1,331 Catholic primary schools with 374,169 pupils. And Catholics and Anglicans, strained to the utmost to keep pace with existing building requirements, declared that they could not possibly conform to the new plan without state aid. Realizing that the expense would be more than doubled if the non-provided schools could not be used, Sir Charles Trevelyan replaced his first bill by one empowering local authorities to give grants to aid in the reconstruction of the voluntary schools during the first three years. On the principle "no public money without public control," the local authority shall in return have the appointment of teachers, with the proviso that a certain number of these shall be approved by the school managers as "willing and competent to give special religious instruction." And where "owing to reorganization, children are transferred to a provided school from a non-provided school," they may be withdrawn for certain hours of "special religious teaching outside the school."

The atmosphere governing these provisions is very different from the intolerance of thirty years ago, but they are none the less inacceptable to Catholics. And, this time, Catholics stand alone. The Church of England, by a majority report of its hierarchy, welcomes the suggested settlement. The number of its schools is decreasing, while modernism and distaste for dogmatic precision has made them susceptible of assimilation to the provided schools. (Can Such a Faith Offend? is the title of a recent book by the modernist Bishop Barnes; to which G. K. Chesterton replied, "Dear me, no! There is not enough faith in it to offend anybody.") The Anglo-Catholics, who realize that, as the Hadow Report itself points out, "religious teaching cannot be confined to a separate period" but "will affect the teaching of other subjects, such as history and literature," are in a minority.

While all Catholics recognize that no special religious teaching will compensate for the Catholic atmosphere which should pervade every hour of a Catholic school, and while the hierarchy has passed a unanimous resolution that "We cannot contemplate relinquishing any of the rights possessed by the managers of non-provided schools regarding the appointment and dismissal of teachers, except as part of a satisfactory permanent national settlement," the Catholic position is weakened by want of a united policy. There are bishops who, like the Bishop of Nottingham, threaten that in the event of any grouping of Catholic and non-Catholic schools, the Catholic schools shall be closed. There are bishops who, like the Bishop of Southwark, realize that in many districts such regrouping is inevitable, and that to withhold a Catholic child from the advantage of a central school would be to place him at a cruel disadvantage by which his faith would not necessarily gain. There is a current that considers managerial appointment of teachers the last ditch to be surrendered, and those who would even welcome the suggested appointment by local authority, provided that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

none but Catholics are appointed. The Bishop of Pella, the most competent Catholic authority on educational matters, would have all fight for a settlement such as he himself promoted in Scotland: by the Scottish Act of 1918 Scottish Catholics are proportionately represented on local education committees, which select teachers from a panel previously approved by the religious authorities concerned—a system which would need adaptation, for the Scots differ from the English in that with them education and religion are a twofold passion, and religion is always theologically vertebrate, whether Presbyterian or Catholic. The Bishop of Pella is one of the few who view the bill with optimism. "Inadequate as it is," he has announced, "it is a prelude of something bigger. There seems to be in Parliament a disposition to remove our grievances and grant us a full measure of justice in due course."

If indeed the bill can be amended, and Catholic schools find a permanent place in the national system, the benefit to them may be great. It must be recognized that up to the present their standing has not been satisfactory, for reasons mainly financial, but complicated by those of history. The Catholic community suffers from an "inferiority complex" as regards its schools. Among English Catholics are few wealthy families, and many poorest of the poor. Again, it is only recently that Catholics have taken to frequenting the universities; in the last century Manning imperatively discouraged them, and his attempt to found a Catholic university was a misfortune in a country where the great institutions have their roots in the ages. As a result even the great Catholic secondary schools have hitherto been inferior to non-Catholic schools of the same status. In these, the higher posts are reserved for religious and since financial reasons may compel the appointment of a religious instead of a possibly more competent lay-teacher, many brilliant Catholics either turn to other professions or teach in non-Catholic schools (which they frequently do, in a truly apostolic spirit). Again, there is the squandering of energies in sheer defense (the danger of all minorities); once Catholic schools exist, there is no questioning as whether the Catholic atmosphere obtained at such a cost may not be unduly tinctured with the atmosphere of ages which could learn from the decried present where child psychology is concerned.

The inferior standing of many of the Catholic schools has led many to look gloomily on their prospects, and to prophesy their eventual extinction now that there is no Irish Party to protect them in Parliament. On the other hand there are promising signs of a new and progressive spirit which properly fostered may leaven the whole of Catholic education. A talk with some of the Reverend Mothers of the great training colleges for teachers reveals a breadth of vision and discernment of all the terms of the problem that is sometimes hardly discernible in official pronouncements. (It is ridiculous that not till this year, on the initiative of the feminist St. Joan's Alliance, has it been suggested that they should be represented on the Catholic Education Council—a suggestion which, it is grimly suggested, may not be popular since "they know too much.") The training colleges run by the Notre Dame nuns in Liverpool and Glasgow, or that of the Holy Child order in London, can hold their own with any in the kingdom. A Notre Dame nun, head-mistress of a primary school in a Liverpool slum, has achieved such wonders that she was recently decorated by the king. Another religious, ten years ago head-mistress of the first Catholic Central School, now directs the girls' section of the Oratorians' Central School in London, a school so progressive that it has become "news." This school aims at and achieves the best, with full and open-minded realization of the needs of the modern child. The best in architecture—modern simplicity, plane surfaces with windows that fill the walls, and harmonious color schemes; up-to-date fittings in which art and common sense combine; a well-equipped laboratory, library and art room; no less than forty typewriters; an airy dining-room where for sixpence each child—some 280 girls, and about the same number of boys—have an adequate dinner.

Pioneer attempts such as these are the finest defense of Catholic education. And it must be noted with how much sympathy they have been met by the local authorities concerned. The present bill which is now at its committee stage must be amended so as to provide a lasting and equitable national settlement—the seventeen Catholic Labor members, who include the solicitor-general, have threatened to vote against it unless this is done. And there are many non-Catholics who hold the view expressed by the Times in a very favorable commentary on a recent encyclical, "that the strength of national education lies in a greater respect for family life and in avoiding the danger of a state interference that may become not a necessary help but a monopoly."

Growth

All winter bits of fog and rain
Watered the earth; and sunken snows
Made runnels to the tangled roots,
While beetles, moles and purple worms
Were dry and rusting in their holes.

But now the small inhabitants
Within the under cosmos stir,
Awakened by a beaten gong,
Alarmed by sudden pains of birth.

The swollen bulb and burgeoned shoot,
With folded rainbows in their sheaths,
Shoulder away the walls of dirt,
And pierce a shaft of light and winds.

And elfin miners in the ground
Climb up the ladders of the earth
With buckets filled, and crocus buds
Are dumped in gold heaps on the grass.

JOHN LEE HIGGINS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Places and Persons

THE PARIS OF DU MAURIER

By CUTHBERT WRIGHT

GEORGE DU MAURIER had the not unusual chance of being a best seller who, properly speaking, could not write. His brief career as a novelist seems to have been the result of an accidental stroll with Mr. Henry James through the grassy reaches of his beloved Hampstead Heath. The genial and unpretentious illustrator for Punch was entertaining his illustrious companion with the story of a fictitious diva who, in her proper state of consciousness, could not sing a note. It was only when mesmerized by a sinister impresario named Svengali that she emitted the grand trills and dazzling cadenzas that aroused all Europe. Unexpectedly the impresario died and of course the lady sang no more. But on her own death-bed, a few years later, she abruptly began to warble an aria which brought the old ecstasy to the listeners, and a moment later she murmured the name of Svengali. A doctor in attendance was consulted. "But she has been dead half an hour," he replied.

"I make you a present of that plot," concluded the narrator as the spire of Harrow Church came in sight. It is not on record with what courtly sighs and gestures of elaborate renunciation the great James declined the responsibility, but the long and short of it was that Du Maurier dropped his talented pencil for a quill that was much too big for him, and the result was Trilby. Few novels have had so singular a fortune. Not only did it make the complete financial security of the author, but it broke all previous records of sale in the United Kingdom and the States. An affair with Whistler, who found himself caricatured in its pages and made a great fuss, increased the publicity and raised the value of the first edition 100 percent. Bishops employed it as a text in rural cathedrals. British duchesses of the nineties were as shocked by the Latin Quarter scenes as modern ones are unmoved by the elaborate perversions of D. H. Lawrence or the careful frivolities of the late Ronald Firbank. Gross industries then mingled in the triumph, and there was an eruption of Trilby face-creams and Trilby boots. At that point the name of the heroine passed into current vulgarism, and presently the book was all but forgotten.

It is easy to smile at this literary event during the palmy days, to find it charmingly illiterate and touching. Possibly it would astonish the devotees of Messrs. Deeping and Wilder to know that, judged by a certain test, their devotion to their providers is far more ill-founded than that of the readers of Trilby and its successor, Peter Ibbetson. The test has never been better formulated than by Arthur Machen in a little book called Hieroglyphics. I have not the volume by me but, if I recall correctly its thesis, it was that in really vital romance, such things as plot, style, character analysis, and the rest of them were quite accidental, and actually unimportant. What counts in a great book is that peculiar, indefinable magic to which, for lack of a better term we attach the foolish literary label of "atmosphere"; what counts, to vary the figure, are those mysterious overtones communicated like a kind of soundless music from the printed page to the heart of the reader. All great literature, and especially the sort called "realistic," must carry a little of this emotional burden, this poetry, or it is condemnable as secondary. Judged by this test, Les Misérables, which has no style, whose plot is mere melodrama, is good literature; Bel Ami and The Mill on the Floss are not. Stevenson understood something of this principle when he said that there were certain scenes or landscapes—this lonely shore or that still more lonely street—which veritably cried out for their stories, the story being secondary to the wordless emotion which summoned it; just as there are certain people, especially children, whose faces, whose personalities, demand to be actualized in painting or music, or in the sorry medium of prose. To put it simply, in vital romance there are story and character and the love which is in the heart of the writer; and the greatest of these is love.

Du Maurier loved Paris as one loves a person. This observation is not of a profound originality; no doubt it is repeated to satiety each summer by millions of tourists. I can think of no writer, however, French or English, good or bad, who has better succeeded in transmitting the vision, the sentiment of Paris to the romantic reader. No doubt his own illustrations account for a good deal of the quality in the two books mentioned above. It is not a bad thing to have first seen the necklace of bridges on the Seine with the eyes of Little Billie, and the solitudes of the Bois with the eyes of Gogo Pasquier, later called Peter Ibbetson. The admirer of Daumier, the contemporary of Tenniel and John Leech, was far better able to create the atmosphere of the divine town by means of a few strokes in pure black-and-white than through the genial and often touching journalese by which he travestied the language of Wordsworth and De Quincey. Line was the true language of his emotions, whether of love or hatred. Somewhere in Peter Ibbetson, for example, there are two little drawings, about three inches square, of the London scene; one is called "Pentonville," the other "Sunday in Pentonville." That instantaneous impression of uniform brick fronts, rusty areas, the solitary lamp-post, the thin black streams of dismal people climbing to the desolating Georgian conventicle at the far end, all the dull emptiness of the City of Dreadful

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Afternoon, are admirably conveyed in a few strokes of the pencil. One would wish to write as Du Maurier drew.

Nor did he write so badly, all things considered. To be sure he had a superstitious weakness, very common in "ages of reason," for strange histories based on impossible happenings, couched in a sham-scientific, semi-evolutionary jargon that is occasionally irritating. But the singing manner of writing which he perhaps learned from Thackeray saved him in his worst moments from a half-baked affection for Darwin and Professor Huxley. Actually he wrote better than he reasoned, and he wrote best in a state of "emotion recollected in tranquility," under the spell of the City of the Seine which was one of his two obsessions throughout his amiable and successful life. One quotation from Peter Ibbetson may serve to give his manner which, despite the natural simplicity, the often slipshod English, is, I am convinced, a good manner, replete with pathos and grace. No lover of the best of Du Maurier's books will forget the hero's first Sunday afternoon in old Passy, the Bois and St. Cloud when, after ten years' absence in hostile Albion, he comes back to the region of his happy childhood, expecting to find all unchanged.

> Surely, surely, I cried to myself, we ought to find some means of possessing the past more fully and completely than we do. Life is not worth living if a want so desperate and so natural can never be satisfied. Memory is but a poor, rudimentary thing that we had better be without, if it can only lead us to the verge of consummation like this, and madden us with a desire it cannot slake. . . . Thus musing sadly, I reached St Cloud, and *that* at least had not very perceptibly altered, and looked as though I had only left it a week ago. The sweet aspect from the bridge, on either side and beyond, filled me with the old enchantment. . . . I hastened through the gilded gates, and up the broad walk to the grand cascade. There, among the lovely wreathed urns and jars of geranium, still reclined and gesticulated the old, unalterable gods; there squatted the grimly genial monsters in granite and marble and bronze, still spouting their endless gallons for the delectation of hot Parisian eyes. Beautiful, hideous, whatever you please, they seemed to revel in their eternal stability, their stony scorn of time and wind and the peevish, weak-kneed, short-lived discontent of man. It was good to pat them on the back once more, and cling to them for a little while, after all the dust and drift and ruin I had been tramping through all day.

As things were, Du Maurier did not die before he had seen the wild park of his youth swallowed up by a railway-tunnel topped by coquettish villas, and the wooded reaches around the lonely pond in the Bois occupied by a race-track. Had these signs of an all-beneficent progress not been manifested, his best book would probably never have been written. The odd vitality and value of Peter Ibbetson have their roots in two obsessions which at bottom are one and the same—the adored Paris of the writer's childhood and his memory of that childhood itself. Actually it is a synthesis. For this mentality, part pagan, part Darwinian, half-consciously Christian, youth was divine because passed in the French capital, and the old city was the nearest thing to heaven because it was the setting of his youth. Let us add in conclusion that few writers have expressed more poignantly the Wordsworthian sense that we grow up and out of the past, "trailing clouds of glory," progressively stained and tarnished by maturity than this English illustrator who "could not write."

Perhaps it seems grotesque to couple his name with that of Marcel Proust. The latter is one of the most illustrious of modern French writers while Du Maurier was a caricaturist who became a novelist by accident, and is now the subject of indulgent smiles on the part of people who began to read about 1890. Nevertheless, the emotional raison d'être of the two writers was almost identical. The bell which sounds for the little hero of Proust in the opening paragraph, and which is faintly reiterated in the final pages of his gigantic work, may be compared as a symbol to the lonely forest-pool in Peter Ibbetson—"a very wilderness of delight, a heaven, a terror of tangled thickets." Both men sought back, through the long, fretful vistas of time, all clouded over with the miasmas of mere living, to that dark, happy house of infancy, embosomed in sunshot greenery. For both the "remembrance of things past" was the substantial life, the real one, compared to which the present was a shadow, and a sorry one at that. Both demanded of themselves with an intense longing why the past had been so exquisite, what ineffable secret of childhood had been theirs and was now lost. And both, being authentic artists, were compelled to externalize their obsession through the medium with which they were (though in very different degrees) endowed. Only, in the case of Proust, that profound gift of memory which for the Englishman was "but a poor, rudimentary thing" led him, through all the intricacies and perversities of a painfully elaborated and pessimistic art, to one of the greatest written achievements of our era; while Du Maurier, through his intense, inarticulate love for a definite time, a definite place, was forced to formulate a conception of spiritual resurrection, of immortality which is very close to the Christian hope.

> This is all I know: the longer and more completely one lives one's life on earth the better for all. It is the foundation of everything. Though if men could guess what is in store for them when they die, without also knowing *that,* they would have the patience to live, for who would fardels bear? . . . All will be well for us all, and of such a kind that those who do not sigh for the moon will be well content.

Dear, sweet-tempered, mid-Victorian Du Maurier, who thought In Memoriam great poetry, and the profound art of Watts and Sir John Millais superior to his own, was surely never one to sigh for the moon. But it is pleasant to know that a passion for Paris led him eventually to a belief in some sort of immortality. We feel certain, in any case, that his conception of the better life bore the visual imprint of ancient gates leading to an eternal wood, and the river climbing the horizon by the beautiful, unforgettable fountains.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DINING IN 1424

By EUGENE A. MORAN

OLD histories give accounts of tournaments, battles, pageants and religious ceremonies, but of meals and how such were cooked and served up very little is said. However, by digging in the buried and hidden-away stuff of the larger libraries, by means of a reference in the doings of some archaeological society, by hint or remark in some antiquarian note-book, one finds enough matter out of which to give something better than a mere bird's-eye-view of the mediaeval feasts and banquets. Only those who make the search can know and appreciate the gastronomic art of the fifteenth century and the perfection it reached. In all large establishments a special officer, called the "ewerer"—the bearer of the jug and basin—was stationed to provide the necessary water and towel. It was the server's place to see, as the ancient Book of Kerving (an old English work) tells us, "that every person had a napkin and a spoon" and directions in detail exist as to the way in which the carver was to dismember birds, to free the fish from its bones, and to slice the meat into "gobbetts" which could be skilfully maneuvered by the guests with a spoon. There were professional chefs in England, who went about to furnish forth a banquet wherever their services might be required. Like Delmonico and Sherry, there were high-class artists in cookery, ready and willing to undertake the preparation of a banquet. The note-book, written by a fifteenth-century Sherry, may be found among the manuscripts in the British Museum. This unknown chef was a man of eminent standing in his chosen profession, for among his marked successes were the feast at the coronation of King Henry IV at Westminster, in 1399, two great fish banquets given in 1420, an installation feast in 1417, etc. Besides these, this expert in the science of cookery catered two great dinners at Wells, the first being given upon date of December 4, 1424, and the second, September 16, 1425. Nothing is said about vegetables in the courses of these dinners, and it is noteworthy, not only in these mediaeval menus, but in the great variety of recipes for making dishes which exist, that there is scarcely any mention of "green meat" beyond the herbs used for flavoring. The truth is that this lack in the matter of vegetables was due to the limitations in knowledge of the fifteenth-century gardener, to whom a very scant few were known. Some of the dishes in our day will, no doubt, appear strange. Where the meaning is not decipherable, there has been set down over against the name by which the dish was called in the fifteenth century the indication of what it might now be called. In some cases it is impossible to identify the description even with the help of the recipe book.

Menu No. 1

Le I Cours

Nomblyd de Roo (Loin of roe deer)
Blamangere (Meat beaten up with rice into a cream)
Brauncum Mustard (Brawn)
Chynes de Porke (Chins of pork)
Capona Roste de Haut Grece (Stuffed capon)
Swan Roste
Heroun Rostyd (Heron roasted)
Aloes de Roo (Ribs of venison)
Pudding de Swan Necke
Un Lechemete (Sliced or minced meat)
Un Bake viz Crustade (A pie, probably sweet)

Le II Cours

Rostyuyd (Stewed venison)
Mammenye (Minced)
Connyng Rostyd (Roast rabbit)
Curlew
Fesaunt Rostyd
Wodecokke Roste
Pertryche Roste
Plover Roste
Snypys Roste (Snipe roasted)
Grete Byrdys Roste
Larkys Rostyd
Venysoun de Ro Rostyd
Irchouns (Pork prepared, with spikes made of almonds, to look like a hedgehog)
Unleche (Sliced meat or bread with spices)
Payn Puffe (A pastry puff made with yolks of eggs, etc. inside)
Colde Bakemete (Cold fruit pie)

Menu No. 2

Le I Cours

Furmenty with Venysoun (Venison with wheat "husked and boiled")
Mammenye (Minced)
Brawne
Rede Roste (Eggs treated with violet flowers)
Capoun de Haut Grece (Stuffed capon)
Swan
Heyroun (Heron)
Crane
Aleche (Sliced meat or bread, spiced)
Crostade Ryal (A pie with currants, dates, eggs, etc.)
Frutoure, Samata (Fritter or pancake)

A Sotelte—A doctor of law

Le II Cours

Blamche Mortrewys (Forced meat of fowl or pork)
Vyand Ryal (Almond rice mold)
Pecoke
Conyng (Young rabbit)
Fesaunte
Tele
Chykonys Doryd (Chicken glazed with almond milk)
Pygons
Venysonn Rostyd
Gullys (Gulls)
Curlew
Cokyntryche (Capon and pig roasted together)
Aleche (Sliced meat or bread, spiced)
Pystelade Chaud (Hot pastry?)
Pystelade Fryid (Pastry cooked in a frying pan)
Frytoure Damaske (Fritter with Damascus dates)

A Sotelte—Eagle

Le III Cours

Gely
Creme Moundy
Pety Curlewe (Small curlew)
Egret (Young heron)
Pertryche
Venyson Rost
Plovere
Oxyn Kyn
Quaylys
Snypys (Snipe)
Small Byrdys
Dowcet Ryal (A kind of cheese cake)
Petelade Fryid (A pastry cooked in a frying pan)
Hyrchouns (Fish prepared as above)
Eggs Ryal (Eggs royal)
Pomys (A kind of forced meat ball with spices)
Brawn Fryid

A Sotelte—Sent Andrewe

Frute Waffrys Wyn Dowce

In the last menu the use of what is called the Sotelte, with which each course was concluded, must be explained. These were designs, more or less ambitious, in sugar and paste, which generally pointed some allusion to the circumstances of the feast. They were often preceded by what were called "warners," or dishes meant to prepare the guests for the great tour de force of the chef in the Sotelte proper.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

WHY THE MORROW SUCCESS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Apparently the correspondents are puzzled by the Dwight Morrow campaign. They have not quite sized up his possibilities. He is either "the best candidate who ever ran or the most over-touted." The reason is easy. Nobody knows anything about him except that he was a Morgan partner and what came up from Mexico about him while he was Ambassador. Morgan partners—with occasional exceptions—do not advertise. Most of them prefer the attitude toward publicity of the hereditary head of the house. One of the most remarkable things about the members of the Morgan family is their ability to escape publicity except in matters that are legitimately public. Outside of their circle of intimates no one knows anything about them.

In Mexico Mr. Morrow was a centre of keen interest. The resident Americans who have remained there these past twenty years hoped for a powerful personality to defend their interests. Mr. Morrow did not believe that he had been sent there to defend any private interests no matter how suffering nor how legitimate. As he saw it his task was to examine, analyze, and report his findings as a basis for sound and reasonable relations between the two countries for the future. He has very competent men working at that now.

Two principal obstacles to the success of his task seemed to lie in a financial system shattered by twenty years of revolution and in the intolerable church and state situation. He labored incessantly to remedy the first, to the discomfort of anyone who did not want it remedied. No one in Mexico supposed that he has any particular liking for the Catholic Church in general or the Mexican church in particular. What he probably saw was the fact that war between state and church made all construction impossible. He probably looked on the impasse as a public nuisance to be abated, and so took his part in bringing about an accord.

In combination with the world oil market he brought about a truce in the oil situation. The Mexicans, high and low, of all parties, never got away from the idea that he was still a Morgan partner though American Ambassador, and that he was building up through "occult Morgan interests" a colossal financial control of Mexico. They could not see the absurdity of such a charge.

The news men soon found out that he was the keenest newspaperman among them, and that the surest place for a news story was the American embassy. Not that he ever gave anything out. It was his custom to ask some one of them (particularly some newcomer) casually, in the daily press conferences, what he thought of something or other. It was soon noticed that if no thought was forthcoming, the question would be repeated later to some other correspondent. Then it would be spotted as news and followed up, generally with excellent results. Hence the Ambassador's strength with the correspondents in Mexico.

There are few ambassadors who have been served by their official subordinates as enthusiastically. He came home as a mysterious person of great news interest to the press at home; the reputations given him by Americans in Mexico, by Mexicans, by the Mexican representatives of the same press all needed checking, and just at that moment he became a candidate for high political office with the sky the limit.

Outside of his own attractive personality, Mr. Morrow has two powerful assets: a very clever, intelligent and remarkably winning and sympathetic partner in Mrs. Morrow, and that intangible thing which comes to him in the popular mind from being the father-in-law of a national hero.

It will be interesting to watch a straight campaign unhampered by bossism.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

FEED MY LAMBS

Covington, Ky.

TO the Editor:—Under this caption W. Esdaile Byles, in The Commonweal of July 9, joins the ranks of those who, during the last decade or more, have been inveighing against the methods of teaching religion to children in the days of our fathers and grandfathers. It seems that the Faith was taught us so poorly that only a miracle of the Holy Ghost kept it alive. A good old priest who taught us catechism about forty-five years ago used to say that the Holy Ghost was the main factor in keeping the Faith alive in us no matter how thoroughly we had mastered—not merely memorized— the catechism. Let us hope and pray that the Spirit of Truth will keep on working this miracle of grace even after the old methods of teaching the truths of faith have been discarded. No one will deny that it is as necessary today as it was in the past.

But was the old system of teaching religion so utterly inadequate as some modern educators would have us believe? Did the priests and nuns, yes, and the fathers and mothers of those days really "expect their children to glean their own doctrines from the sometimes almost Latin wording of even so fine a summary as the Baltimore Catechism"? My own experience, and I am sure that of hundreds of thousands of others, is quite to the contrary. We did learn the little catechism of Deharbe by heart; but we were never asked to memorize a single answer until that answer had been made as plain to us as human language could make it. What a wealth of illustrations our good pastor used to have at hand to help our young minds to get in closer touch with the sublime truths of our holy Faith! Bible stories and stories from the lives and legends of the saints enlivened every religion hour. It was the one hour, in fact, to which we always looked forward with pleasure.

One most important factor in the successful teaching of religion in those days was the coöperation which the school and the church received from the home. Our parents knew their catechism and could explain it to us. There was a Goffine or a Lives of the Saints or both in nearly every Catholic home, and they were not permitted to accumulate dust. And there was a Catholic weekly there too, and some illustrated Catholic monthly. There were no movies, no illustrated Sunday papers, no pagan magazines, to wreck our natural taste for wholesome reading.

Solid religious instruction, familiarity with Bible history, with the lives of the saints, with the history of the Church, and, most important of all, the religious atmosphere of the home—these were the means used by the Holy Ghost to work the miracle of keeping the Faith alive amidst the surrounding gloom of heresy and unbelief. And in this way, and in no other, will the Faith be kept alive in our own day.

The lambs were fed just as well in bygone days as they are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now, except that they were deprived for several years longer than they are now of partaking of the Lamb of God in Holy Communion. But in spite of this inestimable advantage enjoyed by the child of today, I doubt whether the Faith is more alive in it than it was in the child of a generation ago. Perhaps our priests and teaching Brothers and Sisters do not get the whole-hearted coöperation from the home that their predecessors did. And that is about the only difference, as far as I can see, between the teaching of religion now and in the days of our fathers and grandfathers.

J. J. LAUX.

Howard, R. I.

TO the Editors:—Contributors in the July 9 issue says:"W. Esdaile Byles is a new contributor to the magazine." May he or she become *old* to one of its readers.

M. A. WALSH.

P. S. Feed my Lambs is the title of Byles's article. It is short but every line is wide awake.

THE GOVERNED

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Now passeth again the Fourth of July. For a brief moment on a summer day, the loud speaker is resonant with those quaint old truths that men get their rights from their God and create their government to protect those rights. Memory of an America that was and shall come again stirs restlessly when some sonorous voice proclaims the truth that no government can derive lawful power from any source save "consent of the governed." On all other days we are told that machinery has made obsolete these eternal truths. Yet annually, even in leap years, many of us do give a brief moment to thought of those truths on which we achieved so much in an almost forgotten past. And some of us wonder whether most of us sense the curious effect of those truths on each recurring Fourth of July.

For one day, at least, the spirit moves us to put "prosperity" in the background and we do make much ado about "liberty." For one day, at least, the Tory cry of the Revolution is silenced. Nowhere do we hear its familiar words—"This is the law. Your government has made it. You must obey it." Instead, in many hearts, the old truths stir the old cry, "From whom did government derive the power to make it the law? Was it from the consent of the governed in their conventions?"

For one day, at least, the Methodist political party is completely silent. On our Fourth it does not voice its political creed that necessity of consent of the governed is nonsense. *As on the original Fourth,* it finds discretion the better part of valor. As in 1776, it feels that *no* Fourth of July is a day on which to tell Americans, by word or deed, that consent of the governed is an absurd fallacy. Would that every day were a Fourth of July! "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

On June 21, some of us commemorated the 142nd anniversary of the birth of our nation on June 21, 1788, at Concord, New Hampshire. We showed the nation being born of the American people by consent of the governed. If we all celebrate that birthday every year, we shall have the consummation devoutly to be wished. Neither on any Fourth of July *nor on any other day* will anyone dare to tell Americans, by word or deed, that their "consent of the governed" is nonsense or that it must be changed to "consent of governments."

FRANCIS X. HENNESSY.

BOOKS

The Ordeal of American Art

Portrait of the Artist as American, by Matthew Josephson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

EVER since John Macy published his Spirit of American Literature in 1913, therein defining emphatically the colonial character of the arts in the United States for well over a century after the colonies had declared their political independence, American critics have been hard at work investigating the status of literature, painting and architecture in the democratic state. It has been no small task. But during twenty years in which the aesthetic consciousness of the American people has grown phenomenally, it has been undertaken with a grave sense of responsibility. The revival of interest in Whitman has resulted, and the belated popular "discovery" of the two foremost geniuses of our literature, Herman Melville and Emily Dickinson, has been the crowning glory of these students. The whole second rank of American writers have reappeared during the course of investigations, and names once unfamiliar but now generally well-known—Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce, Hearn, Henry Adams—have ultimately found their way into the textbooks. Critical studies as brilliant as those by Lewis Mumford and Van Wyck Brooks have been suggested by this research, until gradually the problem of the artist in America has emerged for general consideration by the artistic brotherhoods and by the general public alike.

That problem, naturally, remains unsolved, in spite of a far-flung propaganda for the artist in our midst. It remains one of the loudly debated matters in our literary forums. Several years ago the Nation published serially a symposium on the question, "Can the artist live and work in the United States?", and the answers of distinguished debaters fell indecisively on either side of the fence that divided them. Today a vast colony of American writers and painters cleaves to the left bank of the Seine, or inhabits semitropical islands and Italian hill towns, irreconcilable to the hostile materialism in American life which drove them into exile, but too often unable to use their newly won asylum for the great achievements promised from them. The incredible advancement of American civilization during a brief century, and the momentary triumph of the purely physical forces of industry and commerce, has created a predicament with which the artists of European countries, always surrounded by a gentler sort of life and directly in contact with the past's heritage, have not had to contend. Since the war the difficulty appears to have increased. The literary exile has become a common feature in European cities. He follows in the footsteps of Henry James, Sargent, Whistler, Abbey, Lafcadio Hearn, Henry Adams and Stephen Crane, but he leaves behind him writers who, like another order of nineteenth-century genius—Melville, Emily Dickinson, Whitman, Howells and Bierce—are bound by force of necessity to remain on native soil and fight out their spiritual struggle at grips with reality.

Mr. Josephson has written, with great charm and lucidity and likewise with virile sympathy, a history of American artists. In his pages the whole procession passes before us, the exiles as well as "those who stayed." At every step Mr. Josephson's heart goes out to the artist in his ordeal, and his wrath descends on the artist's enemies, as active now as ever. He sees in James's voluntary expatriation the only salvation of a refined sensibility to whom the American adventure offered no encouragement and little enchantment. The careers of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more spectacular talents like Hearn, Crane and Bierce were haunted by the desire to quit the cramping provincialism around them. The brilliant imaginative gifts of Mark Twain were subjected to the requirements of raw native humor and literary barnstorming. At the present moment some of our first writers—T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Hemingway, Gertrude Stein—escape the encroachments of a later brand of barbarism. If Henry James (together with his attendant exiles) is the hero of this book, and if Melville, Hawthorne and Dickinson represent the patient martyrs, America is certainly the villain. But here lies Mr. Josephson's dilemma.

Like many other students, he dislikes to stigmatize America as a country in which creative genius is an anomaly. He has perceived the richness of American materials and experience. The genius of a youthful nation has appeared before him in all its unfulfilled miscellaneous grandeur. He ends his volume on a note of hope, and prophesies the return of a real and abiding humanism in which the warring elements of industrial civilization will become absorbed by the larger vision of true social harmony. Out of that harmony, encouraged and fostered by it, the arts of the future will grow. When this renaissance will transpire Mr. Josephson is unable to predict, but he is confident of its immanence. Meanwhile there seems to be little recourse but escape, yet Mr. Josephson seems unwilling to prescribe a wholesale exodus for artists. Disagreeing with Mumford and Brooks, he would have the artist remain in America not in order to reconcile himself with his environment and thus achieve his proper aesthetic stature, but to stimulate the latent forces which would make a spiritual renaissance possible. His final recommendations are unavoidably ambiguous, for while he seems to neglect the native genius that has recently appeared in such writers as Elizabeth Roberts, Willa Cather, Hart Crane and Archibald MacLeish, it is their moral humanism and idealism that he hopes to see ultimately revived. The career of the artist may find little smooth and comfortable going in times of growth and transition, but from such times the products of high art often grow in abundance. The purely esthetic charm and perfection which come from the hermetic sanctuary may be lacking, but the tough fibre of integrity and beauty is usually there. Unfortunately, artists capable of surviving such a test are few, and their fully achieved works still fewer.

MORTON ZABEL.

Expensive Signatures

Word Shadows of the Great: The Lure of Autograph Collecting, by Thomas F. Madigan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company. $5.00.

IT WAS not so long ago, the author assures us, that the autograph collector would feel bound to apologize for his hobby and make whatever plea seemed best in its defense. The changes of time and manners have wrought mightily in his favor, and today he is regarded either as a public benefactor, or an investor with rare commercial foresight. In the latter class Mr. Madigan has attained acknowledged leadership. In this most entertaining volume he has stepped out of the material atmosphere and, from more than twenty years experience, offers his readers a very fascinating and instructive series of sideviews, of literary and historic significance, of the personages whose autographs and writings now possess the interest and values collectors ascribe to them.

Autograph collecting in the United States, he tells us, began early in the nineteenth century, Dr. William E. Sprague of Albany being the pioneer with a collection of 90,000 items. Among those immediately following this example was "the incomparable Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett (sic) of New York" (p. 23). It might be wondered what that lamented scientist and gentleman would think at finding his name thus misspelled (an unpardonable sin in an autograph expert) every one of the many times it is mentioned in the book. Dr. Emmet began his collecting when he was twelve years old and had the unbroken record of making four complete sets of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was a collector who lived before the strictly commercial era of the hobby, and at a big sacrifice he saw to it that the best one of his sets was preserved intact for the public's benefit. The chapter dealing with the values, scarcity and record prices of the autographs of the signers is curious and entertaining; as is also that considering the autograph of the Presidents from Washington to Hoover inclusive.

The oldest perpetuating line of autographs is that of the Popes. After ten years of intensive research Mr. Madigan made the most comprehensive collection of these in private hands, more than a thousand letters and documents, and including all the great historical pontiffs for the past 500 years. His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago has some of these in his saints collection which numbers some forty volumes. The gem of this is a letter of St. Aloysius Gonzaga to his mother. Others represented are St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis de Sales, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Paul of the Cross, St. Peter Canisius, the newly canonized Cardinal Bellarmine, and the Carmelite St. Teresa. Cardinal Mundelein also has one of the finest of the rare signer Button Gwinnett autographs in his collection. It is not mentioned what it cost him, but $19,200 was paid for another at a New York sale in 1928.

Literary autographs, English and American, supply material for three full chapters of a variety of informative detail about Dickens, Thackeray, Johnson, Scott, Lamb, Coleridge, Swift, Shelley, Keats, Poe, Thoreau, Irving, Whitman, Twain, Field, Emerson and others. A letter of Hawthorne has a present attraction in this day of "deferred payments" and "instalment plans." It was "sent to his friend J. L. Sullivan, editor of the Democratic Review" (p. 192), who had borrowed some money from him, and asked for an extension of time on the loan. Hawthorne wrote him in the course of a long letter:

"I entreat you to take your own time. As to interest, it sounds queer between you and me. If it will be of any easement to your mind, it is not worth while for me to object, but it deprives me of the pleasant feeling of having done you a kindness. . . . I will not lend you any money on interest because then I should lose the security of your faith and honor, and make a mere commercial speculation of it and put myself in the same category as other usurers. But if you will borrow it as a friend, you may command every cent that I can spare."

The borrower's name should have been given as O'Sullivan—John Louis O'Sullivan (1813-95), publicist, litterateur, diplomat, whose name can be found in President Polk's Diary and elsewhere, as one of the prominent New York political and literary lights of the forties. It was he who as editor of the Democratic Review was instrumental in bringing Orestes A. Brownson to New York and incidentally starting Brownson's Quarterly Review. In 1842 he persuaded Brownson to merge his Boston Quarterly Review with the Democratic and become a contributor to the latter. The scheme was not a success, Brownson's contributions not proving acceptable to the Democratic Review's readers; so they parted company after a short time and Brownson began his own historic Quarterly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

O'Sullivan's name has another present interest in the fact that he was the brother of Mother Adelaide of St. Teresa O'Sullivan (1817-93), who, though born in New York, died the prioress of the Carmel at Granjal del Campo, Leon, Spain, after a distinguished career in Central America, and the process for whose canonization has already made substantial progress at Rome. John L. O'Sullivan escorted her to Spain after she had made a vain effort to establish a Carmel in New York. If Mr. Madigan knew of this he does not mention it. There are other indications that he may not be so safe a historical guide as he is for authentic autographs. He speaks of "de Kalb, the Frenchman" (p. 82), which will be news about Baron Johann for his countrymen of Hüttendorf, Bavaria; and of "General Rochefermoy," meaning probably Roche, Baron Fermoy, of the Irish Brigade contingent. His references also to the victim of Stanton's malevolence, the unhappy Mrs. Surratt, can hardly be considered sympathetic.

The long line of statesmen, potentates, soldiers, prelates and eminent authors contributing to this collection of revealing human documents stretches out to 300 pages. For the benefit of any neophyte collector who might be beguiled by Mr. Madigan's fascinating recital of the who's who and why of this autographic Hall of Fame to attempt an adventure in the same direction, he offers some very practical advice as to availability and reasonableness of value and greatness. Ordinary readers, uninfluenced in that direction, will find he has given them much pleasure and a valuable amount of general information.

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

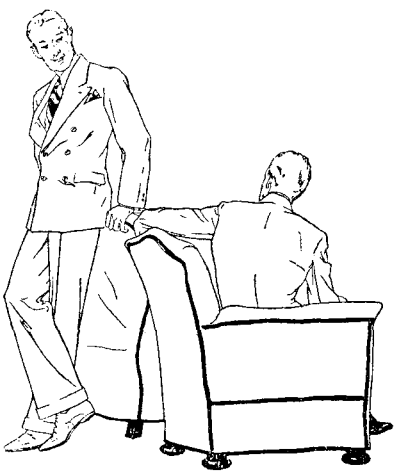
A Gentleman of 1700

Rogue Herries, by Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

GALSWORTHY'S characters have an unflinching sense of property, Hardy's had an unflinching sense of fate, the characters of Wells and Bennett have a business sense of the modern world, those of E. M. Forster have no sense at all of it, but the characters of no other British novelist are imbued with such heroic, picaresque, representatively wholesome, and at the same time fantastic elements as the better creations of Hugh Walpole. Ten years ago when writing an introduction to Jurgen, Mr. Walpole spoke of "the world of Jurgen with its grotesquerie, its sudden beauty, its poverty and its pity, its adventure and romance . . . a world descended from earlier worlds but unique of its own period." The world in which his own characters live is similar.

From time to time, as in the Portrait of a Man with Red Hair, which he subtitled A Romantic Macabre, even in the more introspective passages of Fortitude, Walpole has written material shot through with that sort of eerie imagination, battening upon ghouls and murky fastnesses, which is not the least, for instance, among the charms of Stevenson. Thus in the leading character, "Rogue" Herries, of this novel of the eighteenth-century Lake District, Walpole has created a man of the time, giving him the dourness of a Weir of Hermiston, the Celtic intuition, poetry, and dissatisfaction, and yet the tenacity and loyalty of the patriotic Englishman. The manners and customs of the England of Rogue Herries's span of life (1700-74) are accurately limned. Witches, Jacobites, Methodists, fairs, bear- and bull-baitings, thefts of plumbago from the mines, ladies riding pillion, waylayings and murderings, were signs of those mostly healthy if unhygienic times. The novel depicts with skill how one or two innocent things could be read into an old woman's habits so that they would weight

B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



MEN'S CLOTHING FOR AUTUMN

No matter how one judges an Altman Suit—by fabric, by cut, by tailored detail—there is but one verdict: as fine a garment as can be offered at its particular price. Altman Suits for Autumn are carried out in the usual Altman Manner. Priced from . . $50 to $95

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING
SIXTH FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York

Justine Ward Method, Courses I, II, III, IV, V
Gregorian Chant (Music IV)
Gregorian Accompaniment
Liturgical Singing and Choir Conducting
Theory, Ear Training, Sight Reading, Melody Writing
Harmony I, II—Counterpoint I, II
Polyphony—Boy Choir—Musical Appreciation
Vocal Production — Organ — Violin — Piano

Victor Records of Gregorian Chants
Pius X Choir conducted by Justine Ward

Lessons in all the above subjects privately or in class
For further information, address the Secretary—Audubon 3663

ST. XAVIER COLLEGE
For Women
4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art
Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes
Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters
Send for Announcement

MALVERN
Prep School
RESIDENT and Day School. Augustinian Fathers. 163-acre campus. Gymnasium. Lake. Athletic field. Supervised sports. New buildings and equipment. Preparation for leading colleges and technical schools. Lower school for 8th grade boys. Fall term opens September 24, 1930. Catalog. Rev. Philip L. Colgan, M.A., O.S.A., Head Master, Malvern, Pa.

SUMMER VACATION TRIPS AND CRUISES
Europe, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, St. Lawrence and Saguenay, Bermuda, Porto Rico, Havana and West Indies. California (Water Rail), The Great Lakes, Motor Coach and Rail Tours to New England and Canada. To those considering THEIR VACATION PLANS will be pleased to mail descriptive literature and submit itineraries on request.
Farley TRAVEL AGENCY
535 - 5th Ave. MURRAY HILL 8390

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Syosset, (Long Island), N. Y.
Boarding School for Girls
Affiliated with the State University
ELEMENTARY, HIGH SCHOOL AND COMMERCIAL DEPTS.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
(Tom Playfair's School)
Conducted by the Jesuits
A Boarding School with Eighty Years of Splendid Traditions
College Department Four-year course leading to A.B., B.S. and Ph.B. Pre-engineering, Pre-legal, Pre-medical, Pre-dental.
High School Department, Classical, Scientific and English Courses.
Address Communications to Dept. I
ST. MARY'S COLLEGE
St. Marys, Kansas

the balance toward her being branded a witch. An undue play of imagination, either on his or his neighbors' part, might also prove that a man was the devil.

Events, habits, enthusiasms, and fanaticisms of the period are thus compounded into a not otherwise very interesting or amusing novel of the type of The Forsyte Saga. There is the same kind of genealogical chart at the end and we run through the same diversity of characters in the text. Only they are not, as so often with Galsworthy, fantoches. Walpole gives his creations humor, direction, objectiveness, and (in his best character, David, son of Rogue Herries) sweetness of temperament. While he sometimes falls down by insufficiency or ordinariness of dialogue, his writing in general is done with spirit. The glad-heartedness of Dickens is in these pages instinct with right feeling. The moral of Rogue Herries is that the philosopher's stone for which the title-character has been searching is really obtained in the consummation of marital happiness. When Rogue's second wife returns after her flight from him and, saddened by hardships, begins to reciprocate his affection, the novel properly draws to a close. But not before her child by him is born and is left alone with its nurse (its parents both dying that night, the mother of childbirth, the father of consequent heartbreak) in the poor cottage which Herries would never leave and which he irradiated with his conjugal felicity.

The sense of the unreal hovers over Walpole's delineations as it hovered over The Memoirs of a Midget. Color and imagination are the result, in a setting, the Cumberland Mountains, which with its brightly glinting chaffinches, in that "air with an off-scent of ice in it," should always beget them. The apartness, and the closeness to the soil of the hardy inhabitants is therefore silhouetted against a most romantic background.

JAMES W. LANE.

Obsession

The Crime of the Just, by André Chamson; translated by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THIS is a severely simple and restrained story of the French peasants of the Cévennes Mountains. The people have an exaggerated respect for the administrators of the law, and in particular for the Arnal family. For generations this family had been building up a reputation for honesty and integrity until the Arnal name had come to be synonymous with justice. But the Arnals themselves had unconsciously succumbed to a fierce obsession in regard to the good opinion of their fellowmen. They were the Just and never in word or deed would they have jeopardized their moral regency over the people of the valley. And it is to keep intact their exalted reputation that they commit a crime—the infanticide of an incestuously begotten child. The family swiftly disintegrates. It is in the end a relief when their secret is discovered. Councilor, the head of the family, shoulders all the blame and so great is the confidence of the people in him that it never occurs to them to doubt his word. But they are lost sheep, wondering how they can possibly get on without Councilor who was for so long the director of their consciences and deeds; and even as he is being led off to jail an old woman accosts him seeking justice. Chamson's Crime of the Just is like a vignette giving us a glimpse into the lives of the Cévennes peasants. The author writes with a curious detachment and perhaps because of that the characters persist in appearing strange and unsympathetic to us, but the book is beautiful with a power all its own. The translation, one may add, is excellent.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Briefer Mention

Catherine de Gardeville, by Bertha Radford Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE rather unusual idea behind this story is that the Faith can inhabit the blood no less than the mind and the soul, and that a "hereditary Catholic" of this sort will feel a powerful impulse toward the Church against all the persuasions of environment. The heroine is the daughter of an ardently believing French father who died in her infancy, and a determinedly irreligious mother who has tried to make of the girl the finished symbol of her own secularism. Catherine's attraction toward Catholicism, uncomprehended at first and a little defiant, begins with her learning of her father's life. It increases to instant conviction when she stumbles upon proof that she herself was baptized. The situation is complicated by her discovery that her mother has withheld from publication her father's last writings in defense of the Church. The ensuing struggle, in which one contestant depends upon an almost maniacal hatred of religion, and the other solely upon love and prayers, is interestingly outlined, and the mother's final capitulation and conversion do not strain our credulity. Catherine, however, pays the penalty of perfect goodness in literature by being distinctly the less interesting of the two. There is also a love affair, with a not very convincing happy ending.

Stresemann, by Rudolf Olden; translated by R. T. Clark. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

IMPERIAL Germany learned one lesson from reticent and meditative Immanuel Kant. The concept of duty—Pflicht—bound thousands of men to their tasks, sometimes dwarfing their imaginations but guaranteeing to the nation a communal energy and integrity of the greatest patriotic value. Gustav Stresemann was one of the most brilliant representatives of these thousands. Stepping out into the world as the author of a treatise on Bierstuben, the future chancellor learned business and politics. Until the close of the war he remained, as everybody knows, a conservative industrialist. Subsequently he realized that the key to the German future lay in international politics, and embarked on that amazing career as the Teutonic Briand which cost his life, won for him staunch friends and embittered enemies, and really closed only with the evacuation of the Rhineland. Herr Olden's book is quite impartial and will be found particularly interesting in the section devoted to the war years. It is useful not merely as a commentary on Stresemann but also as an index to recent German political activity. The translation is unfortunately not free from errors.

The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Incorporated. $1.00.

THIS is the best of the season's mystery books. Some of its ingredients we have encountered before. That favorite Rinehart mise-en-scène, the household of a wealthy and intelligent spinster, is again dusted off and set up; the likable police inspector, the vivacious niece, the niece's unjustly suspected fiancé, even the "killer," ingenious and remorseless, all are again in evidence. But we get so much excitement from a brand-new crime, very skilfully conceived, and from the masterly staving off of explanations until the last five minutes of reading, that we welcome all these old friends with positive pleasure. Their familiarity gives a needed touch of restfulness. Mrs. Rinehart is expert at packing in false clews. The Door is entertaining reading, with good dramatic possibilities.

APPLICATIONS RECEIVED NOW for CLASSES STARTING in SEPTEMBER

COURSES LEADING to ACADEMIC DEGREES

Bachelor of Science.
Bachelor of Science in Education.
Bachelor of Science in Business Administration.

PREPARATION for PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS such as Law, Teaching, Business, etc.

Open to students with a high school education.

DAY SESSIONS. EVENING CLASSES.

COURSES UPTOWN or DOWNTOWN.

Fordham University

DOWNTOWN IN THE WOOLWORTH BLDG

Apply REGISTRAR, Fordham University, 233 Broadway (Room 750), or 190th St. and 3rd Ave., Bronx, New York City.

UP TOWN AT 190 ST AND 3RD AVE FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

MARYVILLE COLLEGE
For Women
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Corporate College of St. Louis University as such a Member of the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools; a Standard College of the Catholic Educational Association; Approved by the American Association of Universities and Colleges.
Courses leading to B.A. and B.S. degrees. Certificates or degrees in Dramatic Art and Music.

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

BELMONT SCHOOL FOR BOYS
BELMONT, CALIFORNIA
Conducted under the auspices of the Most Reverend Archbishop of San Francisco.
Upper and Lower Schools. Fully accredited.
Rev. James J. McHugh, A.M., *Headmaster*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mount Regis Christi
FOR GIRLS. *Junior and Senior High School.* 100 miles from New York in beautiful Shawangunk Mountains, at 1200 ft. above the sea Accredited. Special Prep for "College Boards." Music, Art and Secretarial. Swimming, Tobogganing, Hockey, Golf, Riding on School's own horses over Schools's estate of 500 acres of Forest, Hill and Stream. Via Ontario & Western R.R. or auto Route 17 and 6-N (3 hour's ride from New York City). For information write SISTER DIRECTRESS, Box C, Wawarsing, N. Y. or Telephone Ellenville 254

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION.
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogues on application to the Secretary

Madonna House Benefit Shop
Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side
QUEENSBORO BRIDGE MARKET
59th Street and First Avenue
Telephone Volunteer 3123
We Need
Furniture
House Furnishings
Clothing
A truck will call for anything you do not want.
Help the victims of the unemployment situation!
MADONNA HOUSE
169-175 Cherry Street New York City

"THE UNIVERSE"
Founded in the year 1860
Britain's Premier Catholic Paper
Keep informed:—
Concerning Catholic activities in Europe.
Read Articles by the most distinguished Catholic Writers in Europe.
A thoroughly wide-awake Catholic paper—bright features from start to finish.
Three dollars a year
52 issues by mail
Send three dollars (or a check) to:—
The Manager, "THE UNIVERSE"
1, Arundel Street LONDON, W.C. 2.

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1827
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

A Short History of the French People, by Charles Guignebert; translated by F. G. Richmond. New York: The Macmillan Company. $15.00.

PROFESSOR GUIGNEBERT, who is normally a student of religious history, was invited to lecture on the past of his country to American soldier-students at the close of the war. These addresses, based for the most part on those fine digests of history which the French have produced in such abundance, now constitute two volumes, translated into English by Mr. F. G. Richmond. Evidently Mr. Richmond was a little overwhelmed by the magnitude of the task. He sometimes leaves proper names in the original (or nearly so), and not infrequently lets himself off easily with verbal coinage that might have shortened the life of the renowned Mr. Fowler. All in all, however, the text is readable and dramatic. The main fault of Professor Guignebert's treatment is one of composition. Earlier and less important aspects of French development receive more stress than later and more interesting ones, probably because the course originally projected was longer than the one actually given. Every book has its prejudices, and some of those which dominate the present work may be easily discerned if it is compared with the well-known volume of Jacques Bainville. Professor Guignebert is moderately anticlerical and violently pro-Revolution. Nevertheless he is patriotic enough, although some of his excess virtue here may be attributed to the circumstance that the book was written in the war era. On the whole this is a usable summary, excellently printed.

Uncle Sam in the Eyes of His Family, by John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

AT LEAST Mr. Erskine has now proved that he can vary the dish. Anything more unlike the truffles and spice of his literary romances cannot be imagined than this "biography of the national temperament." Not only are the content and the purpose different. The very manner of writing is different; this is a serious, pedestrian kind of prose without any sort of charm or pretension to distinction. Yet Uncle Sam is at least as entertaining as Mr. Erskine's boudoir readings of the classics. The central figure of his allegory (the "biography" is in the form of fiction) is a fair personal symbol of America at its best: acquisitive and benevolent, resolute and wistful, aesthetically limited yet surprisingly imaginative in unexpected places, immovably hopeful of the future. It is a strong, simple picture, with no trace of irony in its drawing, and Mr. Erskine has surrounded it by characters and a plot which never force the allegory beyond the point of interest. It is no more than a jeu d'esprit, but for all that it is well worth reading.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN CARTER, the author of Man Is War, and Conquest, is associated with the State Department in Washington.

B. BARCLAY Carter is an English journalist at present residing in the United States.

JOHN LEE HIGGINS is a Boston poet.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT, author and critic, was formerly associated with Kent School, Kent, Connecticut.

EUGENE A. MORAN is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

MORTON ZABEL is a member of the faculty of Loyola College, Chicago, and a contributor of articles and criticism to current periodicals

THOMAS F. MEEHAN is president of the American Catholic Historical Association and a member of the editorial staff of America.

JAMES W. LANE, jr., is a general critic of literature.

DORIS CUNNINGHAM is a critic for the literary reviews.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED